

In The City

by Sherry

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Summary: A songfic. I suck at this stuff... oh well, no names are mentioned. Read to find out. Someone's wife is cheating on him...

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In The City

- Taylor, who is taking a turn at being dominant

A/N : This fic could be anyone. Use your imagination. The girl could be Hermione and her husband Ron and the 'other guy' Harry, or Ron and Harry could switch places, or Malfoy could be dragged in, or Hermione could become Cho, or Neville or even, er, \_Hagrid\_ could become part of it... Please tell me how you imagined it, and what you think happens in the end. I want to do a sequel although I hate this fic with all my heart. I was very angry when I wrote it - that's why it's so bitter! Anger is not good for me. And oh, yeah, my friend LawyerFlirt (!) gives me the Look when I read... I know you'll all hate me for this fic. It's \_terrible\_. I really hate it. But please don't hate me too much...

Disclaimer : In The City belongs to Hanson and Island or whatever. And no, I want NO comments saying 'Hanson... ewww....'!

\_I see you walking out that door\_

\_And you know you can't hide no more\_

She's all dressed up. Carrying her handbag, doing herself up... I just know, somehow, that it's all over. She loves someone else. Not me anymore. No, once we were such a perfect couple. I don't know where I went wrong. The love is gone. Where did our love go? Heck, it's still with me, but I don't think she cares. I love her too much.

Always have, and deep in my heart I know we'll always love each other, but she doesn't want me anymore. No, she's been swept off her feet by... who else. The hero, who else.

\_If I asked you now I know you wouldn't give it up\_

\_If I asked you how you'd give that look to kill\_

'Where you going?'

'Nowhere...'

She swings her handbag over her shoulder. Where is she going? I haven't given it to her yet... I know where she's going. What she wants. And it has nothing to do with me.

'You're not going to work, are you?'

Oooh, I got the Look. Every married man gets the Look once in a while.

It's really not like her to act this way... I know that there's someone else. A guy I know. She's giving me that glare. She never used to give me that glare. Not even on our wedding day. Maybe she really doesn't remember that it's our anniversary. Maybe... maybe she doesn't want to remember. Or maybe she remembers, but just doesn't care. That hurts, because God knows how much I care.

\_I know it gives you a chill but oh it gives me a thrill to say\_

'Happy anniversary to you too.'

She shifts uncomfortably in the door. 'Oh...'

'Yeah, yeah, I know. I love you too. More than life itself. Can't spend a minute without you... no need to say anything,' I shoot at her bitterly.

\_Do you love me, do you love me, do you love me little pretty\_

\_Can you tell me, can you tell me, what's going on in the city?\_

'There's someone else, isn't there?'

She looks at me, surprised. 'I don't know what you mean. I'm sorry...' And I know she really is sorry, sorry in a different way, sorry for lying to me and loving someone else. And I know that's the way it was fated to be; we were meant to be and not meant to be. Does that make sense? Hmm... no. I love her, and I don't want to give it up. My emotions are a tangled web; I don't know what I feel. Do I hate him? My best friend? No. Yes. No. Do I hate her? No. Yes. No. Do I love her? Yes. Does she love me? Yes. No. I really don't know.

\_You sit there trying to look so sweet\_

\_Every word you say is so full of deceit\_

'I'll be back soon,' she calls to me. 'I'm just going out for a while.'

'Yeah, right,' I mutter. I think she heard me.

\_If I asked you now I know you wouldn't give it up\_

\_If I asked you how you'd give that look to kill\_

'I'm going,' she says acidly. I fight the bitterness welling up in me, the tight feeling behind my eyes, the thoughts that trip over each other, the memories of a time far away when she really did love me. I think she does still, half loves me, and more the other guy. I haven't seen him in a while. But I know she has.

\_I know it gives you a chill but oh it gives me a thrill to say\_

'Be home early for dinner,' I call to her bitterly, fighting back the tangle of thoughts that is pervading my head. 'Our anniversary dinner. I love you too. Thanks for remembering.'

\_Do you love me, do you love me, do you love me little pretty\_

\_Can you tell me, can you tell me, what's going on in the city?\_

She looks uncomfortable, and for a moment as though she might cry; then she straightens up, a look that is almost apologetic in her eyes. 'I'll be back,' she says, and disappears; I don't believe it. She never remembers, does she? She loves me - and him. But how can he love my wife?

I let my head fall into my hands at the table.

\_I'm gonna ask you once again\_

\_You've got to tell me once again do you love me\_

\_I'm gonna ask you once again\_

\_You've got to tell me once again do you love me\_

\_I'm gonna ask you once again\_

\_You've got to tell me once again do you love me\_

\_Do you love me, do you love me\_

Does she love me? Do I love her? Do I hate him? Does she love him? What will happen?

She knows I know.

Will we stay together?

That, now, is something I don't know.

I run my hands through my hair, hoping for an answer. I love her just as much as I always did. It sounds almost corny. Was she seeing him before we were married? Something in my heart tells me no, and tells me that we'll always love each other, although it may not be the same

as before. She loves him too, I know.

\_Do you love me, do you love me, do you love me little pretty\_

\_Can you tell me, can you tell me, what's going on in the city?\_

\_Do you love me, do you love me, do you love me little pretty\_

\_Can you tell me, can you tell me, what's going on in the city?\_

\_Do you love me, do you love me, do you love me little pretty\_

\_Can you tell me, can you tell me, what's going on in the city?\_

I'm setting it up like she used to for me, the way she lit those candles making my heart melt. I'm alone now. As I finish I sit down at the table and close my eyes. I let the tightness explode, and the hot salty tears flow down my cheeks as I descend into darkness. God knows how long I sit there, in total darkness. And then the door opens.

'Honey? I'm home. Early, like you said.'

End  
file.